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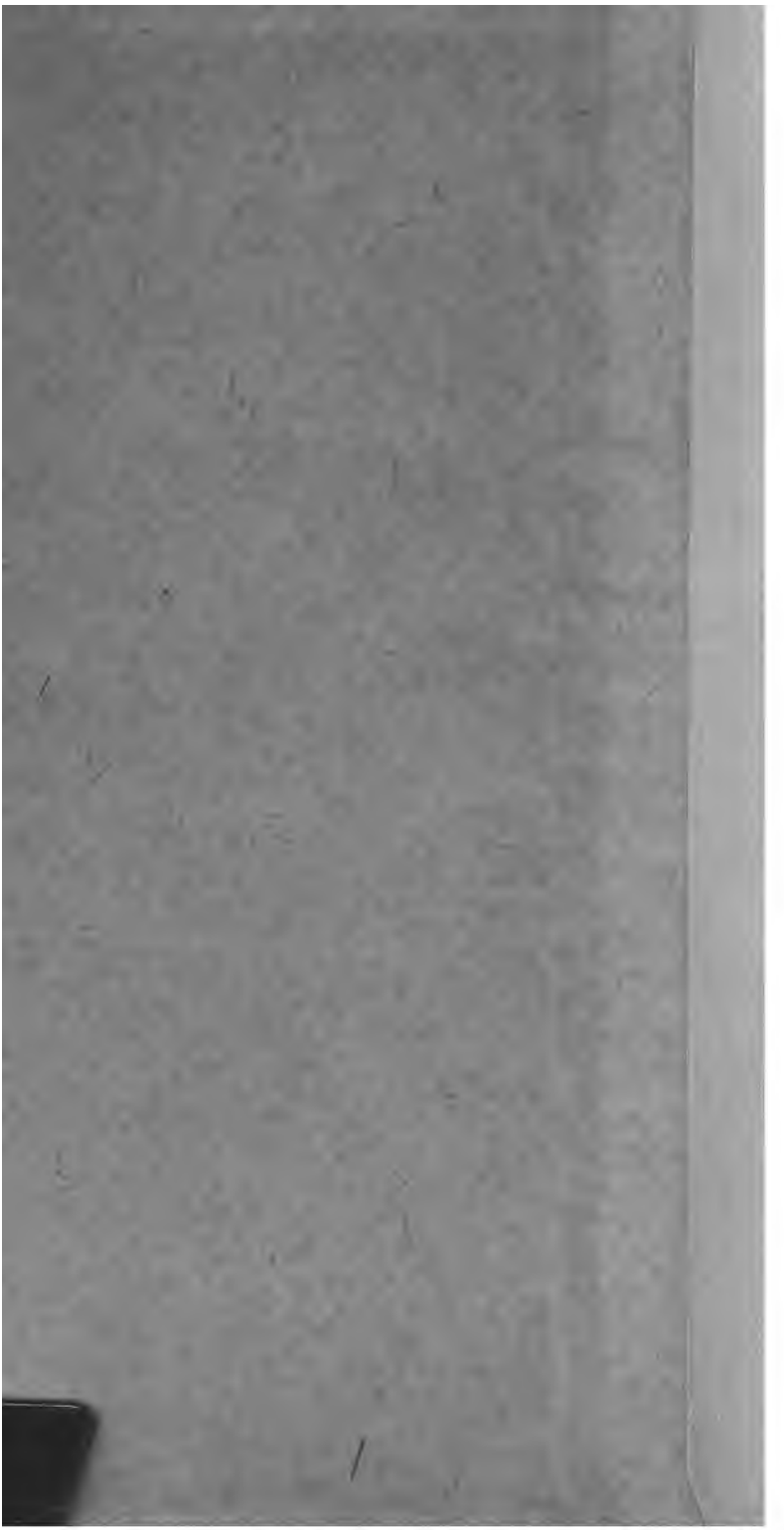

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1. Name (Canning, George.
2. Satire, Political – Gt. Br., 1820

2-ED

THE

MAN IN THE MOON

&c. &c. &c.

"If Cæsar can hide the Sun with a blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light."—*Cymbeline.*

WITH FIFTEEN CUTS.

Fourteenth Edition.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM HONE,
45, LUDGATE HILL.

1820

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———" Is there not
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the men
Who owe their greatness to their country's ruin ?"

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Dedicated

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING

AUTHOR OF PARODIES ON SCRIPTURE, TO RIDICULE HIS POLITICAL OPPONENTS; AND COLLEAGUE WITH THE PROSECUTORS OF POLITICAL PARODY:

WHO,

AFTER LAMPOONING LORD SIDMOUTH, AND HOLDING HIM UP TO THE SCORN AND CONTEMPT OF ALL ENGLAND, AS A CHARLATAN AND "PRIME DOCTOR TO THE COUNTRY," NOW TAKES A SUBORDINATE PART UNDER HIM AS A "PRIME" MINISTER:

WHO,

AFTER DENOUNCING LORD CASTLEREAGH'S INCAPACITY FOR INFERIOR OFFICE, AND CONFIRMING THAT DENUNCIATION BY HIS PISTOLS, ACCEPTED INFERIOR OFFICE HIMSELF UNDER THE CONTROL OF THAT VERY LORD CASTLEREAGH; AND SEEKS TO PROLONG HIS POLITICAL EXISTENCE BY THE FAWNING BLANDISHMENT OF "MY NOBLE FRIEND," ALTHOUGH THAT "NOBLE FRIEND" HAS NOT BEEN OBSERVED TO ENCOURAGE THE EMBARRASSING ENDEARMENT BY RETURNING IT:

THUS,

BY HIS PARODIES,
HIS PISTOLS, AND HIS WITS,
FIGHTING AND WRITING HIS WAY
TO PLACE & PROFIT UNDER MINISTERS,
WHOM THE DERISION OF HIS PEN
HAS DRIVEN TO THE MISERY
OF HIS ALLIANCE.

26X384

THE

MAN IN THE MOON,

A SPEECH FROM THE THRONE,

TO THE SENATE OF LUNATARIA

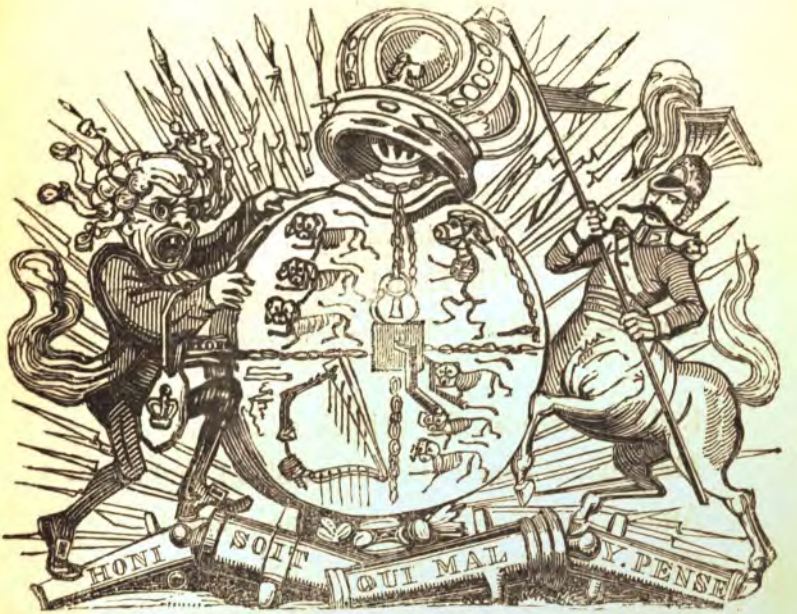
In the Moon.

INTRODUCTION.

I lately dream'd that, in a huge balloon,
All silk and gold, I journey'd to the Moon,
Where the same objects seem'd to meet my eyes
That I had lately left below the skies;

And judge of my astonishment, on seeing
All things exactly, to a hair, agreeing:
The mountains, rivers, cities, trees, an d towers,
On Cynthia's silver surface, seem'd like ours;
Men, women, children, language, dress, and faces,
Lords, Commons, Lackies, Pensioners, and Places,
Whigs, Tories, Lawyers, Priests, and men of blood,
And even *Radicals*—by all that's good!
In a long street, just such as London's Strand is,
'Midst Belles,and Beggars,Pickpockets, and Dandies,
Onward I went, between a brazen horse,
And a large Inn which bore a Golden Cross,
Then through a passage, narrow, long and dark,
That brought my footsteps to a spacious park.
It chanc'd that morning that the Sovereign Dey
The Prince of Lunataria pass'd that way—
Gods! what a sight! what countless crouds were there,
What yells, and groans, and hootings, rent the air!
By which, I learn'd, the Lunatarian nation
Are wont to testify their admiration;
We dont do so on Earth—but that's no matter—
The Dey went onward, midst a hideous clatter
To meet the Senators; for 'twas appointed,
That, on that morning, He—the Lord's anointed—
Should make a grand Oration from the throne,
That his most royal pleasure might be known

Respecting certain great affairs of State :—
I heard the speech ; Oh ! could the muse relate
The " *elegance*," the sweet " *distinctiveness*,"
With which his Royal Deyship did address
That reverend body of Moonarian sages,
I'd write a book that should endure for ages.
Alas ! such heights are not for me to reach ;
I'll, therefore, from my note-book, take the Speech,
And you must say, as 'tis by Pope exprest,
" Give all thou canst, and *we* will dream the rest !'



THE SPEECH.

MY L—rds and G—tl——n,
I grieve to say,
That poor old Dad,
Is just as—bad,
As when I met you here
the other day.

'Tis pity that these cursed State Affairs
Should take you from your pheasants and your hares
Just now:
But lo!
CONSPIRACY and TREASON are abroad!
Those imps of darkness, gender'd in the wombs
Of spinning-jennies, winding-wheels, and looms,
In Lunashire—
Oh, Lord!
My L—ds and G—tl—n, we've much to fear!

Reform, Reform, the swinish rabble cry—
Meaning, of course, rebellion, blood, and riot—
Audacious rascals! you, my Lords, and I,
Know 'tis their duty to be starved in quiet:
But they have grumbling habits, incompatible
With the repose of *our* august community—
They see that good things are, with *us*, come-at-ible,
And therefore slyly watch their opportunity
To get a share;
Yes, they declare
That we are not God's favorites alone—
That *they* have rights to food, and clothes, and air,
As well as you, the Brilliants of a throne!
Oh! indications foul of revolution—
The villains would destroy the Constitution!

I've given orders for a lot of Letters,
From these seditious, scribbling, scoundrels' betters,
N—d—n and N—rr—s, F—ch—r, W—t and H—y,
'To *lie*, for your instruction'
Upon the table;
From which said premises you'll soon be able
To make a fair deduction,
That some decisive measures must be taken,
Without delay,
To quell the *Radicals*,
and save our bacon.

And now, my faithful C—m—ns,
You must find
The means to raise the wind;
For Derry Down, and Sid, have thought it wise,
To have—*besides the Spies*—
A few more Cut-throats, to protect the rhino
Of loyal people,—such as you and I know.

Van's estimates will come before you straight;
And, I foresee
That your opinions will with mine agree;
No lighter weight
Can well be placed on

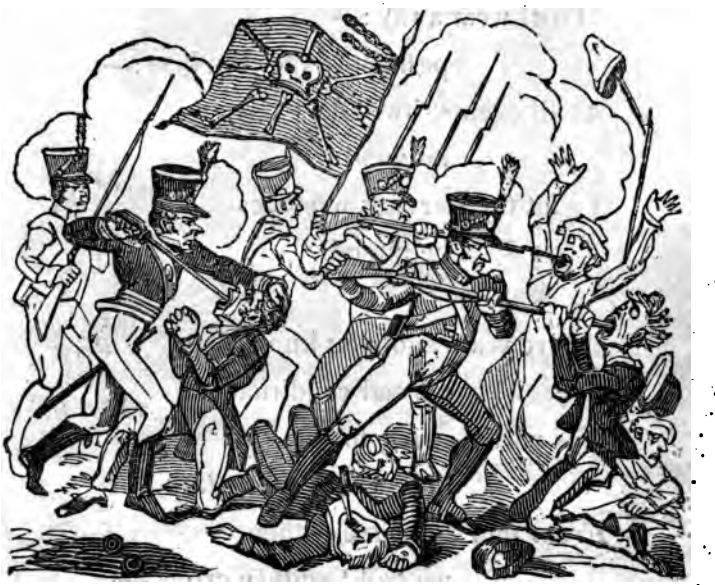
JOHNNY MOON CALF'S back,
Who is, you know,
a very willing hack.

The Revenue has fluctuated
slightly—
See the *Courier*—
But it 's been found to be
improving nightly—
For two weeks past,—
therefore we've nought to fear.

Some branches of our trade
are still deprest,
And those dependant on them
wanting food

But that's a sort of
temporary evil—
'Twill wear away :—
perhaps 'tis for the best :—
At all events, 'twill do
no good
To let the starving wretches
be uncivil.

Five years ago, you know,
our sad condition
Was partly owing to
'*the quick transition*
From war to peace'—then,
we had '*scanty crops*'—
Then, something else—and now—
our weavers' shops
Are full of ***Radicals***,
and ***Flags***, and ***Caps*** ;
But '*temporary*' still
are these mishaps—
The 'quick transition's' gone,
the 'crops' are good,
And though the ***Radicals***
may still want food,
A few



STEEL LOZENGES

will stop their pain,
And set the Constitution
right again.

My L—ds and G—tl—n,
The foreign powers
Write me word frequently
that they are ours,
Most truly and sincerely,
in compliance
With our most

HOLY COMPACT AND ALLIANCE,
The purposes of which
I need not mention—
You that have brains can guess
at the intention.

'Tis my most anxious wish,
now we're at peace,
That all internal discontents
should cease—
T' accomplish which
I see no better way
Than putting one-eyed pensioners
on full pay.

'The body of the people, I do think,
are loyal still,'
But pray My L—ds and G—tl—n,
don't shrink
From exercising all your care
and skill,
Here, and at home,
TO CHECK THE CIRCULATION

OF LITTLE BOOKS,
Whose very looks—
Vile '*two-p'nny trash*,'
bespeak abomination.
Oh! they are full of blasphemies
and libels,
And people read them
oftener than their bibles!

Go H—df—t, Y—rm—th, C—le—gh, and C—nn—g,
Go, and be planning,
Within your virtuous minds, what best will answer
To save *our* morals from this public cancer;
Go and impress, my friends, upon all classes,
From sleek-fac'd Swindlers down to half-starv'd Asses,
'That, from religious principles alone,'
(***Don't be such d—d fools as to blab your own***),
Temperance, chasteness, conjugal attention—
With other virtues that I need not mention—
And from subordination, and respect,
To every knave in robes of office deck'd—
'Can they expect to gain divine protection'
And save their sinful bodies from dissection!

His Highness ceased—
The dissonance of Babel
Rose from the motley
Moonitarian rabble:
The yell of loyalty—
the dungeon groan—
The shriek of woe—
the starving infant's moan—
The brazen trumpets' note—
the din of war—
The shouts of freemen
rising from afar—
Darted in horrid discord
through my brain:—
I woke, and found myself
on Earth again.

A POLITICAL

CHRISTMAS CAROL,

Set to Music,

TO BE CHAUNTED OR SUNG

THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS,

BY ALL PERSONS

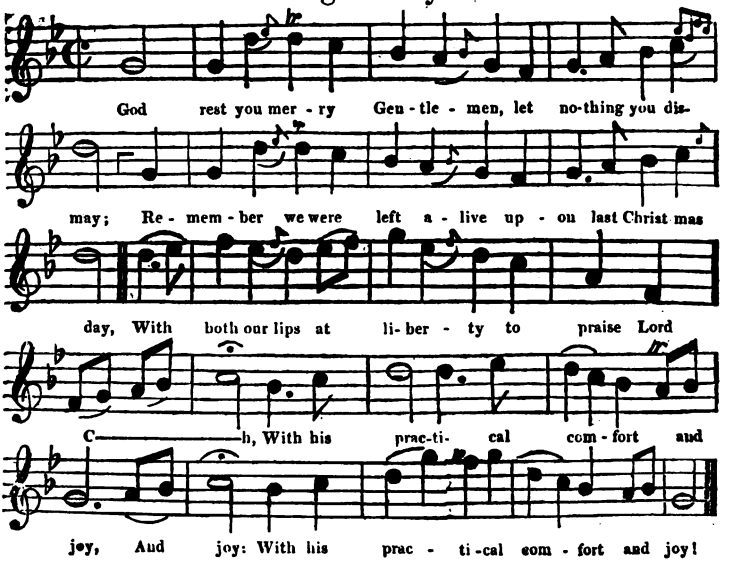
THEREUNTO ESPECIALLY MOVED.

"Go draw your quills, and draw *five Bills*,
"Put out you blaze of light."—

Carol.

THE CAROL.

SONG INDEXED

To be Sung exactly as set.

God rest you mer - ry Gen - tle - men, let no-thing you dis-
may; Re - mem - ber we were left a - live up - on last Christ-mas
day, With both our lips at li- ber - ty to praise Lord
C———h, With his prac-ti- cal com - fort and
joy, And joy: With his prac - ti-cal com - fort and joy!

God rest you, merry Gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember we were left alive
Upon last Christmas day,
With both our lips at liberty
To praise Lord C————h
With his 'practical' comfort and joy!

He 'turn'd his back upon himself'
And straight to 'Lunnun' came,
To two two-sided Lawyers
With tidings of the same,
That our own land must 'prostrate stand'
Unless we praise his name—
For his 'practical' comfort and joy!

"Go fear not" said his L———p
"Let nothing you affright
"Go draw your quills, and draw *five Bills*,
"Put out yon blaze of light;
"I'm able to advance you,
"Go *stamp* it out then quite—
"And give me some 'features' of joy!"

The Lawyers at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their friends a staring
To go and raise the wind,
And straight went to the Taxing-men
And said "the Bills come find—
"For 'fundamental' comfort and joy!"

The Lawyers found majorities
To do as they did say,
They found them at their mangers
Like oxen at their hay,
Some *lying*, and some kneeling down,
All to L——d C———h
For his 'practical' comfort and joy!

With sudden joy and gladness
Rat G—ff—d was beguiled,
They each sat at his L———p's side,
He patted them and smiled;
Yet C—pl—y, on his nether end,
Sat like a *new born* Child,—
But without either comfort or joy!

He thought upon his Father,
His virtues, and his fame,
And how that father hoped from him
For glory to his name,
And, as his chin dropp'd on his breast,
His pale cheeks burn'd with shame:—
He'll never more know comfort or joy!

Lord C———h doth rule yon *House*,
And all who there do reign ;
They've let us live *this* Christmas time—
D'ye think they will again ?
They say they are our masters—
That's neither *here*, nor *there :*
God send us all a happy new year !

END OF THE CAROL.

"THE DOCTOR"

"His name's the Doctor!"

A PARODY WRITTEN BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE

GEORGE CANNING, M. P.

Lord FOLKESTONE confessed that there had been a smile on his countenance at one part of the right honorable gentleman (Mr. CANNING)'s speech, and it seemed to him very extraordinary, even after the reconciliation that had taken place, to hear the right honorable gentleman stand up for the talents of that poor "Doctor" (Lord SIDMOUTH), who has so long been the butt of his most bitter and unsparing ridicule *(loud laughter and shouts of hear, hear)*. Whether in poetry or prose, the great object of his derision, and that for want of ability and sense, was the noble lord whom he (Mr. CANNING) had so strenuously defended that night, and now forsooth, he wondered that any person could object to confide unlimited power in the hands of a person, according to his own former opinions, so likely to be duped and misled *(hear, hear)*. Yes, the house would remember the lines in which, at different times the right honorable gentleman (Mr. CANNING), had been pleased to panegyrize his (Mr. CANNING's) noble *friend* (Lord SIDMOUTH) of which the following were not the worst:—

"I showed myself *prime Doctor* to the country;
My end attain'd, my only aim has been
To keep my place, and gild my humble name."—
(A loud laugh.)

Yes, this was the view the right honorable gentleman, had once drawn of his noble friend, who was *then* described by him thus:—

"My name's the Doctor—on the Berkshire hills," &c.

[*See the Parody below for the remainder of Lord Folkestone's Quotation*—*For his Lordship's Speech, see* Evans's Debates, 1817, p. 1568.]

My name's THE DOCTOR; ***on the Berkshire hills***
My father purged his patients—a wise man,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his eldest son—myself—at home.
But ***I had heard of Politics, and long'd***
To sit within the Commons' House, and get
A place, and luck gave what my sire denied.

Some thirteen years ago, or ere my fingers
Had learn'd to mix a potion, or to bleed,
I flatter'd Pitt; I cring'd, and sneak'd and fawn'd,
And thus became the Speaker. I alone,
With pompous gait, and peruke full of wisdom,
Th' unruly members could control, or call
The House to order.

Tir'd of the Chair, I sought a bolder flight,
And, grasping at his power, I struck my friend,
Who held that place which now I've made my own.
Proud of my triumph, I disdain'd to court
The patron-hand which fed me—or to seem
Grateful to him who rais'd me into notice.
And, when the King had call'd his Parliament
To meet him here conven'd in Westminster,
With all my fam'ly crowding at my heels,
My brothers, cousins, followers, and my son,
I show'd myself PRIME DOCTOR to the country.

My ends attain'd, my only aim has been
To keep my place—and gild my humble name!

"Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong!"—*Peach'em and Lockit.*

END OF "THE DOCTOR."

ADVERTISEMENT.

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Withdrawn from the Press.

A LETTER TO THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL,

BY WILLIAM HONE.

*** Since the announcement of this Publication, the attack of the Solicitor-General upon the Juries of my Country has drawn down upon that Gentleman, within the walls of Parliament, such deserved animadversions as to render superfluous any interference on my part.

Two years have elapsed since I bröke away from the toils; and it seems the escape of the destined victim is never to be forgiven! The cause of which the Solicitor-General is unexpectedly the gratuitous Advocate, has taken appropriate refuge in the snug precincts of Gatton. There let it wither!

The verdicts of my Juries require no other vindication than a faithful recital of the grounds on which they were founded. From the period at which those verdicts were pronounced, and with a view to that vindication, I have been unremittingly employed in the collection and arrangement of rare and curious materials which the Solicitor-General's attack will induce me to extend to

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF PARODY.

This work I propose to bring out very speedily, with extensive graphic illustrations, and I flatter myself it will answer the various purposes of satisfying the expectations of my numerous and respectable Subscribers—of justifying my own motives in publishing the Parodies—of throwing a strong light upon the presumable motives of my prosecutors in singling me out from my Noble and Right Honorable Fellow Parodists—of holding up Trial by Jury to the increased love and veneration of the British People—and, above all, of making every calumny upon the verdicts of three successive, honorable and intelligent Juries recoil upon the slanderer, be he who he may, that dares to asperse them.

Ludgate Hill, Jan. 1820. WILLIAM HONE.

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